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ADVISING

Rates will be furnished on application. No advertising discontinued except on written order.

The Intelligencer will publish brief and rational letters on subjects of general interest when they are accompanied by the names and addresses of the authors and are not of a defamatory nature. Anonymous communications will not be noticed. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

In order to avoid delays on account of personal absence, letters to The Intelligencer intended for publication should not be addressed to any individual connected with the paper, but simply to The Intelligencer.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1915:

We wonder if Gen. Haig is an admirer of Paul Jones.

Swat the Spy bids fair to become as popular as Swat the Fly.

Wouldn't it be fine to hold all our elections for public office on February 25th, and only then.

The Augusta Chronicle has decided to pass up liquor advertisements. There should be greater joy over this one brought in, the fold than over the ninety-and-nine already in it.

Henry Ford says the boys will be out of the trenches before the end of winter. A few days ago Mr. Ford said this would occur by Christmas. Reminds us of the Kaiser who said that the war would be over in October.

Villa is going to quit warring and settle down. We are prepared to believe that the leopard can change his spots.

The only time the president has been at sea since assuming office was last Saturday night when he embarked on the sea of matrimony.

The Greenwood Journal of yesterday had a very able editorial on the subject of irreverence, exhibited in the publishing by newspapers of so-called "prayers," parodies on the Scriptures, etc. We were glad to see The Journal's come out against this sort of thing, for we have raised our voices against it more than once already.

Two boys of Balaton, Minn., have set a new fashion in wolf hunting. They chase a big gray wolf with a motorcycle, the lad who carried the gun riding in an attached side car, and get the beast after a chase of several miles. What a fine sport it would have been hunting buffaloes that way in the old days!

The Norwegian parliament, which is enaction of the Nobel peace prize, has decided not to make any award this year. It didn't make any award last year either. Probably it is waiting to see the outcome of Henry Ford's expedition, with the intention of giving him all three prizes to author next year if he makes good, and if he turns the trick, he'll deserve them, all right.

OUR AMMUNITION SUPPLIES

In the annual report of the secretary of the navy he complains that a certain firm which in the past has received the bulk of the government's orders for explosives refused to bid on government contracts last summer, although urged to do so. The reason was that the firm had plenty of war orders to keep it busy, and preferred that business as more profitable.

The secretary might properly have gone further, and given the name of this firm which puts profits ahead of patriotism. It is gratifying to learn that other companies, which had not benefitted much from government orders in the past, came forward and offered to make the necessary ammunition at the usual price, even while they could have sold their product abroad more profitably. But it should not be possible for the government, in any circumstances, to be left in the lurch by private munition firms.

One government factory, which is the extent of the secretary's recommendation, will cut but a small figure, considering the huge quantities of ammunition needed to go into the business on a big scale. But as long as the nation must depend on private manufacturers, surely there ought to be legal provision made so that the government, in case of need, can commandeer the services of any munition plant.

AMERICAN PRECEDENT FOR GREECE

The Chicago Tribune, delving into American history, brings up a reminder that we'd better be careful about criticizing Greece for refusing to help her ally Serbia when the latter was attacked. Once, it appears, the United States formed a military alliance, and failed just as signally to fulfill its treaty obligations.

That alliance was entered into with France, after our revolutionary war. Benjamin Franklin was one of the American representatives who formulated it. The treaty pledged that the United States would aid France in case of war between France and Great Britain. It was, of course, an expression of the gratitude that Americans felt to France for help in winning their independence.

Shortly afterward Great Britain attacked the French republic, and it became the duty of the United States to protect the French West Indian possessions. And in that crisis the United States ignored the obligation so flatly as Greece has ignored her obligation to help Serbia when attacked by Bulgaria.

The French were so irritated by our conduct that they retaliated against American commerce, and in 1793 congress abrogated the treaty.

It isn't a pleasant thing to remember; but it helps to keep us from becoming intolerably self-righteous.

NAVAL EXPERTS WIN

Secretary Dafield has broken a record in the navy department by recommending bigger expenditures than the navy board called for.

The excess isn't great, to be sure—a mere \$3,000,000 or so in a five-year building program. But the fact that there is any margin at all is surprising, particularly when the expenditures contemplated run up to the huge total of half a billion dollars.

It is notorious that navy boards, like army boards, habitually ask for more than they expect to get, in the assurance that the cabinet secretaries and naval committees of congress will scale down their estimates with a ruthless hand. In this case, either the general board must be given credit for moderation, in spite of its unprecedented program, or else Secretary Daniels must be said to have gone over to the professional jingoes.

GAMBLING IN MEXICO

Mexico seems to be affected suddenly by a series of unwonted moral spasms. The latest moral outbreak is directed against gambling. It has special reference to an enterprise undertaken by a California syndicate in Tijuana. That city is just across the Mexican border, within easy reach of San Diego and all the winter resort region of southern California.

A large amount of American money has been spent there on race tracks, stands, stables and buildings and equipment for games of chance. The new "Monte Carlo" was expected to open for the Christmas holidays, but now Carranza's government is interfering. The concessions may be cancelled there, and also in Juarez, which has long been an international gambling resort in its peaceful intervals.

Carranza and his friends may be sincere about it, although it's hard to imagine any Mexican with an honest

probability is that what Mexico really objects to is a gambling establishment in which the profits go to the Gringos.

It's much the same difficulty that was experienced three or four years ago by a Boston syndicate that planned to open a pretentious Monte Carlo in Cuba. The Cuban government in a fit of righteous indignation, turned down the project and saved the Cuban gambling industry as a monopoly for Havana business men.



Weather Forecast—Cloudy Tuesday, Wednesday fair with rising temperatures.

"We had over 200 applications for money orders today," stated Agent Johnson of the Southern Express company yesterday afternoon. "I thought most of the whiskey was ordered last week, but it seems that it was not. We are rushed with the Christmas packages and our delivery today has been heavy."

Postmaster Laughlin has received a letter stating that a postoffice inspector has been designated to come to Anderson to look over the proposed city delivery routes covering the Equinox and Brogan Mill villages. This inspector is expected any day and as soon as he reports back to headquarters in Washington some action will be taken.

Mr. Thomas A. Graham, clerk in the office of the county auditor, is back at his post after an absence of a few days, he with his wife and daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Ferriss of Greenville, having made an automobile trip to Barber and Russell counties, Alabama.

This is Mr. Graham's old home and he talked very interestingly of his visit. He stated that the boll weevil was just beginning to infest this district of Alabama and that the people there were very much worried about it. One solution of the problem on which they are counting is the raising of peanuts instead of cotton. From these peanuts they will grind out the oil and then have the peanut meal. Both of the products are saleable and doubtless the farmers are on the right track.

Woodrow Nixon, the little five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Nixon, who was fatally burned Saturday afternoon, died Sunday morning, suffering intense pain up until the time of its death. The body was taken to Lowndesville for interment Sunday afternoon on the train which leaves here at 3:37 o'clock.

The grading work on North Main street will very likely be finished some time during Friday, and the concrete will be completed by Saturday if the weather is favorable. The grading on this street has been rather heavy. The great depth of dirt yet remains to be taken off, which will be along about the intersection of Orr street.

The brick laying crew will probably begin laying brick some time today, beginning at Greenville street and coming toward the public square. At the present there is something like 2,000 square yards of concrete ready for the brick and sand was being hauled yesterday for the cushion.

When all of the grading is finished down to Earle street, the forces will be returned to Greenville street and will work towards Roberts on North Main.

There were all kinds of predictions about the weather yesterday. Some said that it was going to snow and would stay on the ground until after Christmas while others said that it was preparing to rain all during the holidays like it did last year.

However, all of these predictions proved false. Yesterday afternoon the clouds began to drift from the western horizon, and ere long the sun's rays were playing on the roofs of heavy vapor, painting one of the most beautiful sunsets of the season. The setting of the sun was very, very red, and its rays on the clouds turned them into a deep, tinted crimson color, the scene being so beautiful that people stopped out another on the street and asked if the sunset had been admired.

At an early hour this morning the stars were shining bright, and it is hoped that the weather will continue fair for a few more days any way.

The Dead Town.

Did you ever go into a town and, as you stepped from the train, have it strike you suddenly that the town was

dead? Have you stopped to analyze just what is meant by these words "dead town?" In the last analysis they mean just one thing—and that is that the merchants of the town don't advertise. A dead town has certain positive aspects of demise which are as bald as a piece of crepe hanging on the door of a private house.

The stores seem to be merely existing. Their shelves are covered with apparently unsaleable goods. The storekeepers seem to be vying with each other to see which will win the first prize as the town grouch. If you talked with them they knocked the town, they knocked business, they knocked the mail order house. They were continually complaining that other people did business and made money but that they didn't seem to be able to sell anything. They guessed it was the town. Yes, that was it,—the town.

If you asked that merchant if he advertised, he would have looked at you with amazement. What was the use of advertising when business was so bad? People who had money to spend, he would tell you, were sending it to the mail order houses. No, he wouldn't throw good money after bad. On the other hand, go into a live town and what will you see? The merchants have attractive displays in their stores. The daily or weekly newspapers are filled with big announcements of special sales or low priced goods. They are not afraid of the mail order houses because they have the same means to reach the people—advertising—that makes the mail order houses great.

The merchants have their local association for mutual help and behind the association the local newspaper is pushing, pushing, pushing. Everybody is working and everybody is happy and bustling. If you want a live town get behind the newspaper and the newspaper will do the rest. Forget the timeworn arguments that the paper is a dead one. The paper is alive enough if the people are alive. The surest test of a live town is a live newspaper, and a newspaper can't be alive unless the town boosters do their share.

Why Get Rich Quick Schemes Work.

"Those who labor hard for their money and who have a still more arduous struggle in saving small sums," says a banker in the January American Magazine, "naturally fall easy victims in many instances to the desire for sudden riches. But the fatal error lies in supposing that the person of small means can afford to take the chance. If he or she loses they lose all. The large capitalist and the professional money-lender have the law of averages working with them. They can afford to sink money into twenty ventures if they make a thousand per cent on one. They are protected by the law of chance, the average safety of their investments depending upon no single risk."

"Risk is a necessary part of business; but should be borne by the strong, never by the weak. The promoter who talks about the small investor being given the same opportunity as the very rich is indulging the 'cunk.' He always forgets to say that a safe 5 per cent bond or a 8 per cent mortgage, 'cold, impersonal deposits for funds, will at the end of five years have paid their owner's 30 per cent to 35 per cent (allowing for compound interest), and that the vast majority of new ventures with big promises will have paid nothing. Only the man who can afford to take risks has any business to look for an investment that will make him rich quickly."

WAS SCHOLARLY MAN

Walter Browne, Author of "Everywoman."

Walter Browne, the author of the dramatic spectacle, "Everywoman" which will be seen at the Anderson theatre, December 28th, was a scholarly man, an university alumnus, and had looked upon life under hard conditions from almost every quarter of the globe. He had been an editor, a lecturer, an actor, a singer, and in the Savoy theatre, London, had performed for the first time several roles of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

He told many amusing tales of his early struggles to get a foothold as an actor and singer. He met the usual discouragements of the provincial amateur—his home was in York, England, where his father was Lord Mayor—but convinced that he had talent he journeyed up to London without parental consent and without credentials or introduction went to the Savoy theatre. The stage door being open and the keeper absent, Browne gained access to the stage. It was early in the morning before he reached the theatre and the place seemed deserted save for a short stout man who was seated in the seat of darkness drumming a piano. Browne went boldly up to him and asked whom he should see about having his voice tried. The man turned gruffly upon him and told him to proceed. He said "A Warrior Bold." The player looked him over and told him he would go. Some time afterward Browne learned that the pianist to whom he owed his engagement was Arthur Sullivan.

Walter Browne's staunchest friends admit that his line lay better than they read his. He was undoubtedly gifted with that faculty of writing directly at his audience. His language is most effective because it is simple and not profound. His literary style is ruggedly sincere. There is no trace of pedantry, no pride of intellect, no display of imaginative power for its own sake. "Everywoman" is as simple, direct and sincere of purpose as John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," written as John Bunyan might have written it had he been immured in a New York locking house instead of Bedford jail.



You'd Better Hurry

And if it's a present for a man or boy that you need to complete your list, here's the place to work out the solution of your problem.

The enthusiasm of service—the seeing that you are shown the most appropriate things—doesn't lessen any as the rush increases.

Quality Articles, Both Large and Small

Suspenders.....25c to 50c  
Cuffs......25c pair  
Caps......25c to \$1.50  
Garters.....10c to 50c  
Cane......1.50  
Umbrellas.....\$1.00 to \$5.00  
Hand Bags.....\$2.50 to \$15.00  
Suit Cases.....\$1.00 to \$15.00  
Pajamas.....\$1.00 to \$2.50 suit  
Bath Robes.....\$3.00 to \$10.00  
Neckwear......25c to \$1  
Gloves......25c to \$3.50  
Handkerchiefs.....10c to 50c  
Silk Handkerchiefs.....\$1.00  
Hose......10c to \$1.00  
Holeproof Socks.....\$1.50 box  
Silk Socks.....50c to \$1 pair  
Cuff Buttons.....25c to \$1 pair  
Shirt Studs......25c to 50c  
Stick Pins......25c to \$1.50  
Shirts......50c to \$3.50  
Collars.....15c each, \$1.50 box

Men's Suits \$10 to \$25; Overcoats \$10 to \$20.

Boys' Suits \$3.50 to \$12.50; Overcoats \$3.50 to \$7.50.

Men's Rain Coats \$3 to \$15; Boys' \$2.50 to \$5.

Men's Shoes \$3.50 to \$6.50; Hats \$1.50 to \$5.

The Christmas Store for Men's and Boys' Gifts. Open Evenings Until Xmas



"The Store with a Conscience"

War Hardships.

To have lived a free and happy life through hard times and wars, and now to sit quietly in her armchair and dream the inscrutable dreams of old age, is the lot of Mrs. Mary Edwards, Oxfordshire's oldest inhabitant, who is 105 years old this year.

Born in 1810, when England was at war with the greatest military power of the day, carrying on the struggle unaided, while her enemy had the help of the greater part of Europe, Mrs. Edwards was a woman of twenty-seven when Queen Victoria came to the throne. As she began life amid preparations for battle, so she hears again, in old age, the clash of arms and the clash of great empires.

Blessed with a good memory, she recalls the scenes and events of a long and varied life, with all its changes in manner and customs. She has seen the coming of trains and trams and steamships, the telegraph and the telephone, the uses of electricity, motors, submarines and flying machines and the outbreak of the greatest war in history.

In memory's mirror she sees the hard times of her girlhood and womanhood.

"We grumble now," she said, "because, after fourteen months of war, we have to pay seven and a half pence a quarter loaf. What should we say as much and had far less to spend? There were times during 1815 when bread reached that price."

"In the west harvest of 1835 dough made from the damp wheat would not stand in the oven and the loaf was more like a pudding than wholesome bread. There was no hard grain from India and Australia to mix with damp English wheat."

"As for tea and sugar, they were luxuries out of reach of all but the well-to-do; so the wives and dependents of our soldiers may find some comfort in comparing their lot with that of their great-grandmothers one hundred years ago."

Builds Town for Widows.

Sand Springs, Okla., was built for widows. They compose more than a fourth of the 5,000 population. The town was founded by Charles Pace, multi-millionaire oil producer of Tulsa. His earlier recollections were of his mother's efforts to rear her large family amid \$ and he resolved that when he grew up he would take care of all the widows.

When he made his fortune, Pace founded Sand Springs. He built dozens of comfortable cottages in which gas, fuel and rent were free. Factories he bought so the widows might have employment. He built a car line to Tulsa upon which widows ride free. There is a day nursery, free medical attendance and a vocational school. If a widow wants to get married Pace helps her do that. He like grandmothers, too. There is a score of them here, with nothing to do but knit and read and reminisce. Pace probably has more "children" than any other man in the world. An orphan's home in a nearby town recently went bankrupt. To better provide for the little inmates, Pace recently adopted the whole institution and moved it to Sand Springs.

Wilson's Daily Program.

In the January American Magazine is an unusual and intimate article by James Hay, Jr., on the working habits of the president of the United States. "Here is the daily program of the hardest worked and most punctual man in the United States," writes Mr. Hay.

Breakfast at eight o'clock, not a minute before nor a minute after.

"His personal stenographer, C. L. Swen, who was with him in New Jersey, reports to the study in the White House proper at 8:55, at which time the president dictates replies to the important letters which have been received at the White House offices the day before.

"At ten o'clock he takes his place at his desk in his private office in the White House offices. Between ten and ten-thirty he attends to whatever routine work is possible before he begins to keep the appointments he or his secretary has made several days before. Each caller usually gets five minutes, some of them three, and a few fifteen. He keeps a card on his desk showing the list of appointments, and checks off with his own hand each appointment as it is kept. (I saw one of these cards on which he had run his pencil through the name of a prominent politician and had written after the name, in blue pencil, 'He did not come.' That 'He did not come' looked ominous.)

"At 12:05 the president, having concluded the appointments, leaves the office and goes to the White House for his one-o'clock luncheon. "At two o'clock he receives in the East Room delegations of tourists who want to shake his hand, and, if it is necessary, he has a long conference with some member of the cabinet or a diplomat. After that he goes, takes a walk through the shopping district of Washington, or goes for an automobile ride.

"At seven o'clock he has dinner. "He goes to bed between ten o'clock and midnight, never after midnight."

Retail Chain Moving.

In the January American Magazine is an article called "Making Money Out of Footsteps" which teaches the curious but exact art of putting the store in the path of the customer. In it we learn that the retail center of New York city is moving uptown at the rate of almost an inch an hour.

Apply the Demurrage Law Fairly!

"Most farmers ship more cars of freight than they receive," says a writer in Farm and Fireside, the national farm paper published in Springfield, Ohio. "They ship bulky, low-grade freight, and they receive freight on the high-grade package freight."

"Hence, the farmer is usually the sufferer when freight cars are tied up in the process of loading and unloading. We have had many periods of great car scarcity. But if every freight car could be loaded promptly and unloaded as quickly as the rules require, there would be in all probability plenty of available cars."

"We are all interested in keeping the freight cars moving. Let us not complain when we are charged a dollar a day for demurrage if we keep cars idle too long. If every shipper in the country is charged the dollar a day and made to pay it, we shall hear so many complaints of demurrage's rotting along the tracks for want of cars."

"We should ask just one thing: that the demurrage law be applied with equal strictness to their agents, or previous condition of service."

The Motor Develops Manliness.

How a motor car made a boy manly is told as follows by a writer in Farm and Fireside, the national farm paper.

per published in Springfield, Ohio:

"We live ten miles from town and have a boy fifteen years old. He was not satisfied on the farm until we bought a car last year. Now he is the most satisfied boy one ever saw."

"We paid a man a good price to teach him how to run it, and it was money well spent. He doesn't want anything better than a spin with the family, and we feel safe that he understands the running of it. An automobile makes a boy manly when he has the responsibility of taking care of it."

AT GREEN POND SCHOOL

Excellent Program Arranged For Thursday Afternoon.

The teachers and pupils of the Green Pond school have arranged a Christmas program for Thursday afternoon before Christmas. The patrons of the school and the entire public are cordially invited to be present for the occasion. The exercises will begin at 2 o'clock.

The following is the program for the afternoon:

Chorus—While the Shepherd's Watched—By school.

Drill—Christmas Candles—14 small girls.

Play—Christmas in Foreign Lands—Mamie Stewart, Addie Gerrard, Murray Bolt and Fairies.

Recitation—Night Before Christmas—Anna Bok.

Round Song—Jack and Jill—Larger Pupils.

Reading—The Little Fire Tree—Bontie McClure.

Play—Revolt in Santa Claus' Land—Mary Campbell, Boyce McClure and Fairies.

Song—They Always Pick on Me—Bontie Campbell.

Play—Christmas Night in the Quarters—16 negro characters.

THE GOOD BREEDING SOW

Some Points to Look for in Selecting Good Pig Producers.

Clemson College, Dec. 20.—In selecting breeding sows, the principal thing is to get good swine. It pays a beginner better to invest in two or three good sows than in a much larger number of ordinary ones. This is the advice that the livestock experts of Clemson College are giving South Carolina farmers who ask for pointers on making a start with hogs.

In selecting a sow there are certain sex characteristics to look for. She should not have any appearance of coarseness. The head should be lighter, freckled higher, and neck slender and neat than those of the boar. She should have a strong, straight legs, deep and wide chest, wide back, and good length and depth of body. A deep, wide chest is a mark of good constitution, and a long, deep body generally goes with prolificacy. Another feature to look for in a good sow is good width of hips and hindquarters.

In choosing a sow for breeding purposes, look for the good breeding characteristics ahead of everything else. Quality may be considered, but pay more attention to usefulness than to "fancy points."

Charleston and Western Carolina Railway.

Effective 8:00 a. m. Wednesday December 22nd all passenger trains of the above company will arrive and depart from new station South Main street, Anderson, S. C.

Ernest Williams, General Passenger Agent.